

Uncle Tom's Department.

Trouble Ahead.

Merry Christmas! girls and boys.
Santa Claus, with team and toys,
Now is starting on his way
With his overladen sleigh;
Never heeding cold or wetting,
Not a single town forgetting,
But a puzzled look he bears
As he moves among his wares;
And I doubt if ever yet
Was Santa Claus in such a pet.
Now he purses up his lips,
Snaps his rosy finger tips;
All in vain he scans his store,
Names the children o'er and o'er;
Just one boy deserves a switch,
And he has forgotten which.

My DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—How the years do jog along! The 25th of December will soon be here again, and my nephews and nieces, like most other folks, have a great fondness for that

good old date, which they know to be the time of Christmas. And probably almost all of you have your minds fixed upon Christmas presents; some are thinking what they will get, while others are considering what they will give. It is very easy for those who have plenty of money to purchase gifts, but we think those things made by the giver are the most acceptable. It is not the article given that is valued so much as the love and kindness that prompted the giving at all. While you are contriving some gifts for your young friends, do not forget the old folks; they like to feel they are remembered in the holiday times. No matter how small the gift is, it shows their happiness has been thought of. I must now conclude by thanking you all for your kind and never-tiring assistance to this volume, and wish you a merry, merry Christmas.

UNCLE TOM.

HURRAH! NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—Mr. Weld offers a beautiful chromo to the one who sends us the best collections of puzzles for our New Year's number. They must not be Theological, nor any which have appeared before. The number need not exceed six. Now, my little friends, be wide awake; there will be close competition. The name of the prize winner will be published.

U. T.

152.—RIDDLE.

Two sisters on one day were born,
Rosy and dewy as the morn;
True as a sailor to his lass,
Yet words between them often pass.
At morn they part, but then at night
They meet again and all is right;
What seldom you in nymphs discover,
They're both contented with one lover.

JAS. H. CROSS.

DECAPITATIONS.

153.—Whole I mean to chastise; behead and I am a piece of wood; behead again and I am an ancient king; curtail and I am a vowel.

J. E. LOVEKIN.

154.—Whole I am a prong; curtail and I am a sound; curtail again and I am an adverb; again curtail and I become a preposition.

E. E.

155.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My first a vowel; second, an insect; third, to instruct; fourth, an animal; fifth, a sluggard; sixth, a vessel; seventh, a consonant.

E. ELLIOTT.

156.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cat but not in dog,
My second in shine but not in fog;
My third is in roast but not in bake;
My fourth in river but not in lake;
My fifth is in stump but not in log;
My sixth in mist but not in fog;
My seventh is in mit but not in glove;
My eighth is in hate but not in love;
My ninth is in bells but not in chime;
My whole is a very happy time.

V. S. MCCOLLUM.

157.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in preaching but not in tales,
My next is in boxes but not in bales;
My third is in needle but not in pin,
My fourth is in silence but not in din;
My fifth is in Sarah but not in Jane,
My sixth is in street but not in lane;
My last is in year but not in month;
My whole, if practised by all,
The work of our judges much lighter would fall.

J. E. LOVEKIN.

158.—Whole, I am brittle mineral substance; behead me, I am a girl; again, I am an animal; once more, and behold two consonants.

159.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of ten letters:

My 1, 2, 3 is to drink.

My 3, 5, 2, 7 is a kind of fruit.

My 4, 6, 9 is a useful article.

My 1, 6, 10 is to place.

My 7, 8, 9 is a sex.

My 3, 2, 4 eats.

My 10, 8, 9 is a number.

My whole is seen in the FARMERS' ADVOCATE.

FRED NILES.



160.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

161.—ENIGMA.

Though banished from heaven and sentenced to hell,
The world still contains me, and owns I excel;
The virgin disdains me, and maids disapprove;
But both must acknowledge I'm useful in love;
To evil I'm known, and saintships all flout me;
Yet angels and devils are nothing without me;
To the wind I'm not useful, yet blow with the gale;

I'm nothing to women, yet much to female;
Though far from a hero, and farther from brave,
I scorn a base coward and still am a slave;
I'm first as a lover, though nothing to kiss,
Yet married and single owe to me their bliss;
I'm cold to good nature, though warm in the soul;
I'm hardened in malice, but gentle in whole;
I'm nothing yet all, and all must confess,
Without me they're nothing, and with me they're less.

162.—A GOOD OLD PROVERB.



163.—ENIGMA.

I'm always found at home, no matter when or where,
In houses large, or harbors small, you'll find me al-
ways there;

I am no kindred of the great, nor care I for the small;

I visit not the parlor, but I'm always in the hall!

In kitchens I can find a place, and there I'm quite at home;

Of beauty I can't boast a bit, yet its no disgrace you'll own.

In heaven I shall find some rest; in hope I take delight;

I'm out all day, nor am I tired, but always in at night.

With holy reverential care, in churches I am found;

But visit not the grave-yard, nor consecrated ground.

Inside the chests of merchants bold, you'll find me

neath the lid,

But I will shun the miser's gold, in fact I always did.

Honest friends I dearly love, though I commit some havoc—

I'm never in the soldier's cot, but in sailor's ham-

mock.

On sea I never ventured yet, nor into fields of but-
tle;
But I'm the first in honor's cause, e'en when great
guns do rattle.
All human aid is used by me, mechanics' skill I
favor,
Machines and telegraphic wires, the hand with
which you labor,
I own all these, and many more; now put your
brains in motion
And try and find a name for me out of this wild
commotion.

PUZZLE BOY.

164.—ANAGRAM.

Sit na odl daamm ni het selohos
taht faytelrta si eth dols fo olfso
tye wno dan ehnt uyro nme fo twi
liwl cdscoednen ot saett a tbi.

EDITH J. HEAD.

165.—HIDDEN FRUIT.

1. Stop, Lu, mother has prepared a lunch for us.
2. The ugly cur ran too fast to be caught.
3. Rolf, I grant your request.
4. Richard ate something that made him sick.
5. A do not care a snap, please your honor.
8. Give me a glass of water, Melony.

166.—HIDDEN COUNTIES.

1. Do not run or folks will think you a coward.
2. While the pastor preaches sexton Jones sleeps.
3. What a loss, O me! R set fire to the barn.
4. Is the skating rink entirely finished?

M. J. WARREN.

Answers to November Puzzles.

134.—	135.—	136.—	137.—
WRIST	BLEAT	SNARE	DAMAS
ROVER	LADLE	NAVAL	ALERT
IVORY	EDWIN	AVOID	MELEE
SERFS	ALIVE	RAISE	ARENA
TRYST	JENET	ELDER	STEAM

138.—Pulling hard against the stream. 139.—Up with the lark in the morning. 140.—Bear it like a man. 141.—Not for Joseph. 142.—Where there is a will there is a way. 143.—Box. 144.—Antrim, Aleppo, Rheims, Ouse, Naples.

145.—
O
I C E
L A T I N
O C T O B E R
T I B E R
M E N
R

146.—Mind your business. 147.—A shoe. 148.—That box 149.—Foxtail, oxtail, ail, ale, la, a.

150.—Oh bid me not so soon decide,
"T would grieve me much to part,
I never can become your bride
Till you have won my heart.

151.—Envy is a self-executioner.

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to Puzzles in Nov. No.

E. Elliot, H. Piper, Minnie Learens, Mrs. Mary Ann Hepworth, Wm. Gorsline, Sarah J. Turner, John McCowan, A. J. Taylor, Arch. J. Goodall, Edith J. Head, William Broughton, Jas. Mattice, George Whiting, Alice Sherk, Minnie Hyde, J. E. Lovekin, Thomas J. Miller, Elizabeth A. Shier, Frank Smith, Wm. N. Snyder, Janet Davidson, Thomas M. Taylor, Edith H. Cullen, John G. Bobson, Thos. M. Taylor, Jas. H. Cross, Frederic H. Bell, Minnie Morris, A. FitzGibbon, J. Winlow, Stephen Glover, Louie Hairbrother, Fred. James, Wm. Gould, Sarah London, Jane Marshall, Eliza Cook, L. Bifton, J. Chambers, Charlotte Smith, J. Johnson, Thos. Jones, L. Jarvis, Frank Heat, Saml. Hunt, J. Pierce, Eleanor West, Corbin North, Sarah J. Sharp.

Arch. J. Goodall, Edith Head, and William Broughton, sent in the tree first answers to puzzles—pictorial rebus.

HUMOROUS.

A husband having arrayed himself elaborately with gaiters, game-bag, and gun, accompanied by his faithful dog, goes forth to hunt, but shoots nothing. Unwilling to return empty-handed to the house, he stops at the market and buys a hare, which he presents to his wife. The hare was terribly high—not alone in price. "Ah!" said his wife with a snuff, "so you killed it. You were right. It was high time."

A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class at school was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."